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## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

### PART SIXTH.

*"Sith the Holy Scripture hath whole parts in it poeticall, and that even our Saviour Christ vouchsafed to use the flowers of it, I think the laurell crowne appointed for tryumphing captaines doth worthilie honor the Poets tryumph."*

SIDNEY.

### THE ITALIAN INFLUENCE, 1558-1649.

WE consider the English language and literature to have now arrived at the beginning of the period of Maturity. The year 1558 is taken as a convenient one to mark the division, as it also marks the accession of a new Queen, who was proclaimed on the seventeenth of November, amid so much popular rejoicing, that for many years it was annually celebrated as "Queen's Day." The princess Elizabeth had been the year before described in the following terms: "The princess is as beautiful in mind as she is in body; though her countenance is rather pleasing from its expression, than beautiful. She is large and well made; her complexion clear and of an olive tint, her eyes are fine, and her hands, on which she prides herself, small and delicate. She has an excellent genius, with much address and

self-command, as was abundantly shown in the severe trials to which she was exposed in the earlier parts of her life. In her temper she is haughty and imperious, qualities inherited from her father, King Henry VIII., who, from her resemblance to himself, is said to have regarded her with peculiar fondness."

The joy that expressed itself at the opening of Elizabeth's reign was a fitting precursor of the progress which followed. For fifty years the nation had been in a state of stagnation, but then a new life burst forth, at which we can now only hint. It was a time of agitation, of the throwing off of material and intellectual fetters. We have called it the period of the Italian Influence.

We must not forget at any stage of our study the relation that national literatures have to one another—a relation very apparent in the history of England and which English literature constantly exemplifies.

The first influence upon our literature in its mature period was exerted by Italy, and it was felt for a hundred years. By saying this I do not wish to be understood to say that the impetus given to the writers of this period by Italian letters has ever ceased to be felt. It is felt to-day, and will be felt so long as Sidney is known as the apologist for poetry,—so long as Spenser's rich verse is remembered—so long as Shakespeare and the Bible strengthen the English mind and soul; and it will continue to be felt until the names of Bacon and Donne, and Herbert and Ben Jonson are erased from the record in the temple of fame. But this is an indirect influence. The direct influence from Italy gave us these masters—the indirect influence is that which with augmented power and multiplied charms they give us. There had been great intellectual activity in Italy in the days of Dante and Petrarch, which was felt by Chaucer. But after Chaucer literature declined in England, and the masters of thought had "gone with their hose out at heels, their shoes out at toes, and their coats out at both elbows." Somewhat like this was the condition of letters in Italy after Petrarch died.

The Byzantine empire, which was the home of many learned students, kept the lamp of learning sending its

beams over the intellectual gloom of the Dark Ages. In 1453, however, this empire fell when Constantinople was taken by the Turks, and the men of learning, as well as their manuscripts, were scattered throughout Europe. Specially was their influence felt in Italy, where the establishment of many schools was followed by the Revival of Learning. More than one hundred thousand manuscripts are said to have been destroyed, but so many were carried away that it has been likened to the sudden releasing of a miser's hoard, so great was the stimulus exerted by the many that were not destroyed.

We must not attribute too great influence to this single event. The invention of Printing was beginning to bear fruit—the discoveries in America were widening the sphere of men's ambition, and the investigations of Copernicus were giving new views of the solar system. To all these we must add the discovery of the new route to the Indies around the Cape of Good Hope, which gave a water communication to the commerce that had been interrupted by land at the fall of Constantinople.

Leo X. became Pope in 1513, and he and his successors in the chair of St. Peter vied with each other in the munificence with which they encouraged the arts and sciences, and those literary men who were able to add to the magnificence of Italy. Poetry, music, painting, prose, architecture, sculpture, science, and the study of language, philosophy and religion, advanced at this period to an extent that has never been equalled in Italy since. It was the Augustan Age of letters in that country.

Why has the literature of Italy not grown since this period? At no subsequent time has it been so influenced by that of any other country. As the sphere of observation and circle of knowledge of the individual expand, as he is thrown into intimate relations with other minds than his own, so the literature of a nation is expanded by intercourse with other nations.

The Reformation in Germany must also be held to have been a powerful factor in producing the result we are contemplating. It was not exclusively religious in its nature nor in its effects. Michilet says of Luther, that he "legalized

in Europe the right of free examination. . . . We cannot think, speak, write, read for a single moment, without gratefully recalling to mind this enormous benefit of intellectual enfranchisement. The very lines that I here trace, to whom do I owe it that I am able to send them forth, if not to the Liberator of modern thought?" These words have great weight as expressing the convictions of one who does not sympathize with the religious aspect of the great reformation. If a writer in the nineteenth century is thus indebted to Luther for the freedom of thought and expression, how much more, think you, must one have been indebted to him who wrote in the sixteenth century? It is therefore in both of its aspects that the reformation affected English letters. It did not add much to the depth of the religious tone of our writings, but it gave them freedom and catholicity.

It must be remarked that many of the greatest writers of this period did not visit Italy, and that some of them were little versed in any literature but that of their own land. But, on the other hand, some did visit Italy, as Surrey and Wyatt, who, in the quaint language of an old writer, "tasted the sweet and stately measures of the Italian poesie;" and, "greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie from that it had been before, and for that cause may justly be styled the first reformers of our English metre and style. Their conceits were lofty, their style stately, their conveyance cleanly, their terms proper, their metre sweet and well-proportioned; in all, imitating very naturally and studiously their master, Francis Petrarch." This copying or imitating of great masters had been a very marked feature in the writings of the generation after Chaucer, when the original works were few. It had an effect not entirely bad, for it made continental authors familiar to the English people, and among them those of Italy were held in the highest repute and exerted the greatest influence.

During this period Sir Philip Sidney produced his *Arcadia*, and his *Apologie for Poetrie*, the latter one of the earliest and one of the most charming pieces of English criticism. It is available in one of the reprints edited from the edition of 1595, with great care, by Edward Arber, and published



in London, by A. Murray & Son. The entire series of these reprints is worthy of much commendation, as being not only accurate, but cheap. They are for sale in New York. Another fruit of the age is the charming allegory of the *Faery Queen*, the master-piece of one of the most poetical of all poets. The *Ecclesiastical Polity* of Richard Hooker is a monument of close reasoning, from which High-Churchmen and Dissenters alike drew comfort, and arguments, but which was intended for a fair exhibition of the right of the Established Church as opposed to the Puritans. The term euphuism, as applied to fastidious antithetical compositions, dates from the publication of *Euphues*, by John Lyly, in 1636, a work of immense popularity at the time.

At this time the so-called metaphysical poets arose, of whom were John Donne, Holy George Herbert, and others of greater or less merit. The writings of this class were stilted, entangled with scholastic allusions, and crowded with paradoxes, antitheses and quaintnesses, that are only in exceptional instances admitted in the present generation. The purity of the life of Herbert has given him a place so near the heart of his readers that his faults as a composer are overlooked.

To this age also belong the *Essays*, and other writings of Francis Bacon the philosopher. His works abound in weighty thoughts, are full of suggestions, and are so concisely expressed that they will never cease to be admired.

Ben Jonson, the humorist and dramatist, was another of the famous authors of the age of Elizabeth, and he was the friend of the most famous—William Shakespeare, whose works in connection with the authorized version of the Bible, made in 1611, by order of King James I., give to the age a glory entirely its own, which cannot be rivalled by any other period of our literature, if indeed, it can be equalled by any age of any literature.

And now, turning to Italy, from which the age takes its name, we find it among the first to restrain the progress it had inaugurated. In the year 1557, Pope Paul IV. set forth an *Index Expurgatorius*, of books prohibited to be read by the faithful. The list included all Bibles in modern languages, expressly enumerating forty-eight editions, and all the

works of every description published by sixty-one printers mentioned. A special commission, called the *Congregation of the Index*, still has charge of this matter, and among the authors now under the ban, are Gibbon, Robertson, Sismondi, Hallam, Goldsmith, Descartes, Locke, Kant, J. Stuart Mill, Whately, Bacon, Milton, Addison, and Dante.

This Index exerted, however, comparatively little influence on the British Isles, where the right of private judgment was very firmly maintained. The reader of the *Vision of Piers Plowman*, and of Chaucer, notices this independent spirit of the English nation continually exhibiting itself. It was manifest in Roger Bacon, who eagerly embraced the opportunity to express his novel opinions to the Pope, his friend, disregarding the injunctions of the superior of his convent who would restrain him. We see it plainly in Wiclif, Latimer, Coverdale, Ridley, and Knox, and in our next paper we shall have occasion to note it as a feature more prominent than ever before.

"I love the racy English of old times,  
 Before its Latin softness o'er it crept,  
 When mighty scalds were valiant in their rhymes,  
 Nor tamely o'er the tinkling harpstrings swept,  
 As though the spirit of their fathers slept  
 Or spoke in vowelled whispers among limes.  
 Our native, rough-hewn words are less inept  
 Than daintier speech flung off in silver chimes.  
 Our tongue should have a likeness to the land,—  
 A smack of crag and torrent, tarn and glen,  
 In nouns and verbs that shepherds understand,  
 Meet for the use of hardy fighting men,  
 Brief and sonorous, till we seem to stand  
 And hear brave Geoffrey Chaucer rhyme again."

Among the other authors of this period are—

Thomas Wyatt.....	1503-1542	Robert Burton.....	1576-1640
Earl of Surrey.....	1517-1547	Thomas Carew.....	1586-1639
Christopher Marlowe.....	1564-1593	William Chillingworth.....	1602-1644
Francis Beaumont.....	1586-1616	John Selden.....	1584-1654
Sir Walter Raleigh.....	1552-1618	Joseph Hall.....	1574-1656
John Fletcher.....	1576-1625	Archbishop Usher.....	1580-1656

ARTHUR GILMAN.

THE SONS OF PESTALOZZI.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF CARL GUTZKOW.

CHAPTER I.

IT was in the spring of 1840. A lady had just entered a lawyer's office.

"Tell me, Mr. Hellwig, what must a lady do to obtain a divorce?"

The lady was entirely unknown to the man of the law. She looked decidedly aristocratic, and had entered the office like one accustomed to command. Having finished her brief address, she adjusted her blue veil which was drawn over her face, and partially covered an elegant hat of the latest style.

"Please, may I know with whom I have the honor —?" Mr. Hellwig did *not* ask this question, having already anticipated an answer like this: "Dear sir, the name is quite immaterial." However, he *did* ask:

"A Protestant, Ma'am?" A brief "Certainly," was the answer, followed by an explanatory remark in these words:

"It concerns a friend of mine. I am not at liberty to mention her name; I undertook in her place . . . ."

Here the words became unintelligible. The speaker was evidently not used to lying.

"It is no curiosity on my part," interposed Mr. Hellwig, casting a side glance at the tall, youthful form, her stylish and heavy silk dress, and especially her elegant shoes, which bore evident traces of a recent contact with muddy roads. "But I must desire to forestall future remarks as to the nature of my advice, whatever this may be, in regard to the dissolution of a sacred tie . . . ."

"Never mind that," was the pointed reply.

The man of the law continued: "We have in such cases both the desire and official duty to prevent extremities, if possible and to open negotiations with both parties tending

to a mutual understanding, and eventually to reconciliation."

LADY. "The question has not yet arrived at this point. My friend simply desires to prepare for a possible contingency, and take advice with regard to our helpless position in . . ."

Here the lady suddenly stopped. "Are you unwell?" said the lawyer. "You need something to restore you. Doubtless, you have had a long journey. May I ring the bell?"

The lady had lifted her veil a little, and it was evident that she had changed color. When entering the room it might have been seen, even through her veil, that her face was flushed with red. After taking a seat, she turned paler and paler. Soon she had taken her handkerchief and passed it to her forehead and cheeks. Now it seemed as if a spasm had stopped her breath. She had turned aside. The lawyer was touched by the incident; he rang for water, although the lady had made a declining gesture.

She took some of the water, however, and having recovered a little, continued :

"I did not come from afar. I reside in the vicinity. It will soon pass over." This she added in a low tone, quickly concealing the coronet embroidered on her handkerchief, which had attracted the lawyer's eyes. "The spring sun is always treacherous. It was warm in the sun while the air is still cold. The wind seems to come from the mountains, on which there must still be snow . . ."

The lawyer knew now that the lady was *not* from the vicinity, and must have had a long journey.

There was a pause. The lady's countenance still showed a deadly paleness on her plastic features, which the veil could not entirely conceal. "Tell me sincerely," she said, "what causes are sufficient to obtain a divorce."

The barrister, who by this time was certain that his fair interlocutor was of the nobility, made some excuses about the delicacy of the subject, and then, encouraged by the lady's remark that she herself was married, proceeded to explain the whole series of the legitimate causes of divorce, based on the conflict of human nature with its own ideal of love, that repulsive scale which a merciless system of medi-

æval law has established by wedding the cynical theories of pagan antiquity with the curious results of the Roman confessional.

The lady, who was again fully screened by her veil, listened in breathless silence. She had not lost a word. There was another long pause. She sat in profound meditation. Her left hand mechanically seized the railing which separated the interior of the lawyer's office from the place allotted to his commoner clients. The right hand had permitted the blank corner of the handkerchief to slip from her fingers down to the floor. It was evident that she was reflecting as to which of the different categories her own case might belong. Perhaps it was hate that in this moment was revealed in the marble coldness of her features; perhaps it was nothing but calculation, quietly striking its balance. How sad is human ingenuity when bent on twisting truth and life into the dead clauses of the code by means of fiction, falsehood and even dishonor, so as to make the law a weapon fatal, perhaps, to two lives on both sides of the grave!

"And what," asked the lady, "is the relation of children who might perhaps exist . . .?"

"The existence of children changes everything, and often even precludes divorce."

These words seemed to preoccupy the lady for a long time. A whole moral world was revealed in them. She said monotonously:

"My friend has no family."

The attorney seemed to assume now a tone of carelessness. "So much the better," he answered. "They would be reared, in such a case, with divided hearts, poor little ones!"

"But! perhaps . . .," insinuated the lady, who evidently had now come to a point very nearly representing her own situation. She had lowered her eyes under the veil, so that her long, dark eye-lashes became visible. "But perhaps . . . ." She was unable to proceed.

The lawyer came to her help. "No divorce is pronounced as long as the wife is in a state of hopefulness. This law is wise. Women are then often almost — irresponsible. They may undertake what they afterwards

would regret. And may not the birth of a child be the occasion for a reconciliation?"

The lady's ear received every word with an eagerness which seemed to increase every moment. The lawyer was courteous enough to accept the lady's theory as to her own unconcern in the present question. Nor was he, indeed, able to discern whether he had approached already the boundaries of reality. He continued explaining what the laws had provided for such an eventuality. Remarking that the lady still maintained the same silence and forced indifference, he asked:

"May I not be informed of the real facts? You may depend on my discretion." But the lady, instead of giving an answer, suddenly rose, intimating thereby that she considered herself sufficiently informed. She commenced already a certain manœuvre with her hands, well known to the sons of *Æsculapius* and *Themis*. She adroitly took the intended fee from her *porte-monnaie*, placing it unnoticed on the edge of the table, so that the line of vision from the lawyer's eyes did not reach the spot.

"I am very much obliged to you," said she, and, taking her parasol, withdrew as rapidly as she had entered.

The counselor found a large gold piece on the table. He shook his head, entered the fee in his ledger, and passed to the next "business number," being a barn for whose defective qualities the purchaser had claimed an indemnity from the seller.

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## CHAPTER II.

OUT in the fields warbled the lark, and the blossoms shone like silver jewels on the hillocks which marked the gradual descent of the higher mountains into the plain. The roads did not favor a pedestrian: the April sun had not been able yet to dry them fully. The lady who, in *Buchenried*, lawyer *Hellwig's* residence, had asked for the shortest foot-path leading to *Burghausen*, the next village, was now toiling along the slippery clay paths. She was evidently unmindful of the sad inroads which the mud was making on her elegant dress. Her thoughts, her feelings seemed to be occupied only within. She

must have been a strange sight for those who met her or looked after her. Over her left arm hung a costly Cashmere shawl; an ostrich feather was on her hat; her elegant parasol had an ivory handle of the most exquisite workmanship; over her light gloves was a heavy bracelet of solid gold with jewels; her heavy silk dress might be heard rustling: sometimes its stiffness temporarily prevented her progress. To the greetings of the peasants she replied by a nod; but when a passer-by was well dressed, the anxious and examining glance of her dark eyes might be noticed.

It was near midday. Laborers were sitting by the roadside, taking their scanty meals either beneath the nascent leaves of a willow, or under an apple tree in full blossom. Our pedestrian had to pass a very slippery part of the footpath, and while she was using her parasol as a walking stick for support, the handle snapped and broke off, and she kept herself with difficulty from slipping. This was accompanied by a malicious laugh, coming from a man that lay stretched out in the grass. Holding in his hand a stick which he had just cut from a bush, he asked her tauntingly,

"May I offer to Madam my cane?"

The wanderer hastened along without answering. But on a sudden the man stood by her side. He bore his coat on the stick, and was in shirt sleeves. The midday sun was warm.

"I guess, there is a ball in Burghausen, Madam," he said with the same scornful tone that had just frightened her. "Or perhaps there *was* a ball in Buchenried, and you have missed your carriage?"

If the blackguard had a good ear, he must have heard her breathing. She did not reply, but her deadly anguish made her almost fly along the road.

"By —, your feet are nimble, Madam, or Miss," remarked the suspicious character with an oath, trying at the same time to keep pace with her whom he seemed to have singled out for a companion on his way. She saw with a shudder that he was making arrangements to put on his coat, and that his stick would soon be free. A single glance had been sufficient for her to notice his savage face, his reddish and matted beard, his sly, cat-like eyes, a pug nose and a low wrinkled forehead.



The way led now through a copse with thick underbrush. She entered it with a shudder.

"Are you acquainted here, Madam?"

The lady did not reply, but hastened on.

"Why do not put on such airs," he continued, "I am not going to hurt you. You should be glad for having pleasant company."

There was no reply.

"Shall I carry your shawl? or, give me your parasol; it is anyhow of no use here in the woods ——"

The lady grasped her parasol tighter, as if it were a weapon which she might use in case of necessity.

"I shall not trouble you," she said at length. "If you are for Burghausen, you will please walk alone."

"For Burghausen? My journey is very much farther. Do you know the Chateau of Wildenschwert?"

The lady stood still as if thunderstruck. Perhaps it was the effect of the question, or the consequence of a glance by which she had discovered a large pocket-knife looming from her companion's side pocket. At the same moment she saw his eyes fixed on her bracelet. A gesture of his arm seemed to follow the direction of his eyes. At this instant several reports of guns were heard not far off. His arm was suddenly stopped and lifted, as if to test the wind. "Ah!" said he, "there is no wind. Just the weather for shooting the woodcock. I am a huntsman, you must know, and looking round for a new place, since I have lost my old one."

In the meanwhile they had again come on the open field, and the huntsman, who said that his name was Hennenhöft, that he had served as a soldier among the sharpshooters, and then had been a forrester with a nobleman. He had lost this place and was going to Wildenschwert, where he had an old comrade, called Wülfing, being the Count of Wildenschwert's forrester. Perhaps Wülfing could tell him where he might apply for a place.

The lady made the remark that she, too, was acquainted in Wildenschwert, but that there was no forrester there of the name Wülfing.

By this time they were met by some peasants, and the lady, whose courage seemed to have revived, said to

her companion: "You would indeed oblige me by allowing me to walk alone. Take this for your journey." With these words she handed him a silver dollar. The huntsman, taking off his cap, put the dollar into his pocket, stopped, and allowed the lady to proceed.

She hastened on with all her might without even looking back once. She did not stop till she had reached the inn of the little village where an express mail coach was waiting for her. She immediately stepped in, giving the order to proceed. After changing horses on three or four stations, she dismissed the carriage in the little town of Altenberg. From here she took half an hour's walk to a small village, where she found a magnificent coach with a Count's coronet at the side door. A footman in a light brown livery sprang from the box, and said while opening the door:

"We have long been waiting for you, most gracious Countess; we began to be greatly alarmed."

"I had to stay longer than I expected with the minister's wife," was the reply, while she was entering the carriage. Now, drive home, as quick as the horses will run."

It struck nine o'clock, when the Countess alighted from her carriage at the entrance of the Chateau of Wildenschwert. That the lady of the house was coming home so late, that she was coming alone, and went directly to her own rooms, all this the servants of the chateau seemed to consider as quite natural. Nor did they seem to think it strange that the Count was not in the least disturbed by the arrival of the Countess, but remained in the rather noisy company of his friends, whom he, after a day's hunt, was entertaining in the splendidly illuminated banqueting hall of his castle.

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### CHAPTER III.

THE Lady Jadwiga, Countess of Wildenschwert, had entered her dressing-room, followed by Mrs. Derenbach, her newly engaged housekeeper. She was asking some questions, but did not seem to pay much attention to the answers. Only one wistful and anxious look she cast into her adjoining closet, to inquire whether there were any letters on the marble waiter. She had briefly remarked that she was

satisfied with the results of her trip, the object of which had been represented to the people in the house as very different from what it really was. She found one single letter only. But it seemed to be the one she had expected. Her dress had been changed by her maid, while a loud conversation, the rattling of plates, the jingling of glasses sounded from the hall on the opposite wing of the castle. Of the supper that was served for her she took only a cup of hot and strong tea. The rest she sent back without touching anything else. When she was alone she locked carefully her door, threw herself on a lounge, and hastily opening the letter, which was from her most intimate friend Linda de Fernau, read as follows :

"DEAR JADWIGA, I am deeply afflicted both by your open confessions and your hardly less plain intimations. You may be assured that your secret is safe with me. Even my husband shall hear nothing of it, although he saw me reading the letter, and immediately asked me whether there was nothing in it of his brother. You know how everything concerning Otto excites him.

"But you are wrong in believing that he hates his brother Otto. He has taken care for his education, as you know, with a view to open for his rare talents a splendid career. But my husband certainly is not responsible for Otto's perpetual changes. He took him from the Military Academy not in order to close his military career, but to give him a better and more brilliant chance by university studies and journeys. But, instead of re-entering the army as an officer, he entered the diplomatic service, for which he lacks about every necessary qualification. Thus we soon saw him quit that profession too. But what is he to do now? Henry, in his just indignation at Otto, said, only the other day, he would live to see Otto a horse jockey, raising horses for the turf, or betting on them !

"Dear Jadwiga, I know, I must give you pain, because . . . No, I can not write out the word which you in your last letter openly pronounced and repeated again and again, to my terror. I adjure you, conquer yourself ! You have already written to Henry that you contemplate a separation from your husband ; but you did not write him why you intend that step. He, however, has a suspicion, and this suspicion makes him unspeakably unhappy, as if we could have borne some part in your unfortunate resolution, to make your husband miserable. Henry told me that your husband had committed the folly to resign, in the contract which he made with your father, your whole fortune in the case that you would die without issue, and even in the case of a separation. So great was Bernhard's love to you, and even his delicacy to refute your parents' possible suspicion of his having asked your hand for the sake of your worldly goods !

"You must not expect any assistance on my part, and I must decline all your requests in that direction, especially since by a strong resolution and sincere efforts on your part, you may still restore your relation to him to whom you have promised in the presence of God to belong for ever."

When the Countess had read her friend's letter to the end, she flung it with a disdainful expression of her haughty face into the fire that was burning on the grate. She was evidently trying to get rid of the impressions the letter had made on her. She listened attentively to the noise caused by the departure of her husband's guests, to their loud laughter, leave taking, calling for umbrellas, to the orders given to the drivers and servants, and to the barking of the hounds. She had not asked for the names of the guests, and regretted the omission, since the noise of the departure was now assuming a peculiar character. It turned into quarrel, and violent altercation. She heard the shrill voice of her husband:

"Miserable wretch! I shall not endure this impudence any longer!"

All was quiet again. Only the storm was raging. The rain was clattering by intervals at the high windows of the castle.

The Countess tried to guess to which of the servants this outburst of indignation was directed. She had never known the Count's anger excited to such a degree. Jadwiga unlocked her door, passed through the ante-room, and then stepped out into the corridor, which run through the whole length of the building. As she came to a back staircase, she found it occupied by a crowd of servants, who were listening with anxiety. The housekeeper, Mrs. Derenbach, was almost fainting. The Count's voice had been loud again.

"It is Wülfig," said the servants.

Indeed, Wülfig, the forrester, was coming along in his torn livery, soiled, with confused hair, deadly pale and staggering as if deranged in his mind. Suddenly he made a jump on the staircase. All took to their heels. The Countess retreated.

When the forrester saw her, he laughed like a maniac:

"Beaten! Kicked! With—with——"

The words stuck in his throat.

The Countess took courage again. Only the first encounter with the infuriated man she had avoided. Now it was almost necessary to prevent her by force from stepping in Wülfing's way.

When she had returned to her room she learned from the maid, and then from the cook and the gardener, that Wülfing during the whole evening had not conducted himself properly. He had received a letter that had made him clench his fists and even grate his teeth with hardly suppressed curses. He had committed the greatest blunders while waiting on the Count. He had dropped a dish, right on the Count's person; he had not even expressed a regret, and received the Count's reprimand with defiance. When the guests had been departing, he had made a great confusion in handing over the cloaks and overcoats. Two of the guests had to remain in the house over night, and the Count had requested him to light the two gentlemen to their rooms. Then he had made some reply; but the reporters were at variance as to what this reply had been.

At this occasion, the Countess learned at length the names of the guests, and that the two gentlemen staying over night were old acquaintances of the Count's, the one being Doctor Staudner of Wiesbach, the other a clergyman, whose name could not be given.

Now all became silent again. Since the last carnival Countess Jadwiga had declared herself sick, and in consequence was sleeping alone in the wing of the chateau which she inhabited. She might have gone to the Count now to appease the highly excited man. But she overcame this sentiment. The storm continued. The shutters, the vanes on the turrets rattled and jarred. The lights in the apartments and the corridors were extinguished. Jadwiga retired to rest, not a little disturbed by the association of Wülfing with her late traveling companion, whose ill auguring and dangerous visit at Castle Wildenschwert she might justly anticipate.

CHAPTER IV.

NEXT morning it was said that Wülfig had disappeared from the castle. But he had left his clothes and his arms. From this it was inferred that he would return.

His arbitrary absence was likely to make bad worse.

The Count had sent to the Countess a note in which he apologized for the tumult of last night, and announced to her the visit of Doctor Staudner, and Pastor Nesselborn. Being afraid of the threatened visit of her terrible companion, she in her answer requested the Count not to trouble himself any longer with Wülfig, and consider him as dismissed from his service.

She left the care for the Count's guests entirely to Mrs. Derenbach, the housekeeper. With Doctor Staudner she was acquainted. As to the other, she knew that the innkeeper's daughter in the neighboring village had married a young candidate for the ministry, who was a fellow-student of several young noblemen residing in the vicinity. She thought it probable that this was her husband's other guest, whose acquaintance the latter might have made for taking advice relative to his collections of old coins, old books and antiquities. For all these hobbies of the Count's she had not the least sympathy.

She heard his voice.

"Jadwiga, may I come in?"

Although the door was not locked the Count did not enter, but waited till the Countess had opened and received him with an embarrassed "Good morning!"

"May I hope to introduce you to my guests before dinner? Perhaps at breakfast?"

"You had a great trouble yesterday," was the Countess's evasive answer.

"Wülfig was impudent. He had always properly behaved before. Something must have crossed him. I think I shall subdue him——"

"You had better leave that to others. I hope he is not to come back."

"On the contrary, those subdued characters will be the best afterwards. I may then count on your taking breakfast with us?"

"Seriously, I should not make my house a 'subduing-institute,' if I were you."

"There will be two scholars—our physician and a clergyman."

"My nerves are affected! Servants should be either decidedly good, or they are good for nothing. A reforming of criminals ought to be left to the benevolent societies."

"The name of the clergyman is Nesselborn. His wife is the innkeeper's daughter at the Moor's Head. She has also been invited by me, being on a visit with her parents. She is coming to-day, and will return with her husband. It would amuse you to laugh at the sparkling remarks of the little woman——"

"I am not in the humor of laughing——"

Jadwiga was following up her ideas, and Count Bernhard his. Thus it was always. If Jadwiga happened to speak of Paris, and the Count's topic was London, they would not come together. Both went their own ways and remained in them. These are the characters of "Absolute Initiative." Two such natures operate like two locomotives running against each other. The one must be smashed—perhaps both.

Count Bernhard had a peculiar way of treating such misunderstandings with the Countess. It consisted in taking her opinions and assertions as entitled to respect, and in retreating with his own opinions unchanged. Scarcely had he heard Jadwiga's declaration that she was not in a state to make the honors of the house, when he was already withdrawing from her room with the most complacent smile:

"At dinner, then! You had a letter of Linda Fernau? They are all well, I hope?"

He did not even wait for an answer. Such was this man whom Jadwiga, preoccupied by whim or passion, was going to shake off. She would have liked it better, had he directly gainsayed her. But she was provoked by his "dogmatic style of treating her," and by his clearly indicated "compassion," if people were not so happy as to agree with his views.

It might be doubtful, whether the Count had withdrawn from want of interest, or because he knew that some time



was necessary for Jadwiga till she would enter into his views. He evidently knew his wife well, and was fully acquainted with the effects of his system, which this time consisted in his personal call at the rooms of his wife, his request to receive his guests, and his asking after the health of her friend. He knew that the Countess would generally reconsider the question, and try to approach his own views. But this very fact showed the Count's moral ascendancy, and the Countess knew it and suffered by it. She would not allow to the Count the claim to consider himself wiser than she was. Indeed, unless the whole magnetic power of love binds the hearts and disposes them to homogeneous action, marriage becomes an intolerable encroachment on our personal freedom.

Count Bernhard breakfasted alone with his guests. The weather remained unfriendly. The rain had ceased indeed, but it was cold. The wind was bending the tops of the trees in the park, which on several points directly touched the chateau. The company remained with comfort within. Nor was the Count inexperienced in attracting intelligent minds. Possessing a manifold scholarship, he had been for a long time in the administration of the government, which he left only to be united with the Lady Jadwiga of Wolmerode. His means of subsistence had been moderate; now he was living in abundance. He employed his new wealth to building, improving his mortgaged estates, collecting rare coins and antiquities, and otherwise gratifying his fancies. For a battle-axe or an arrow-head of a New Zealand savage he paid more money than a highly finished double rifle was worth or a fashionable lounge which might have adorned a palace. For a sum which he spent for an old Tartar-saddle or a pair of iron spurs worn by some historical celebrity, he might have been able to keep another saddle horse. These collections were in a new wing of the old-fashioned chateau, which was built with much taste and elegance. This wing contained a complete museum. In another new wing the Count had placed his library, which was perpetually increased by new purchases, especially in the economical and ethnographical departments.

There was not the slightest sympathy in Jadwiga for her husband's world. People said that she had chosen him in

order to become a Countess. But those that knew better, added that she was the only daughter in a family which for half a century had drawn an enormous fortune from mines, bought at merely nominal prices by her grandfather. Only he father of Jadwiga had been raised to the rank of nobility. Death had deprived her early of her mother, who was not of a noble but of a very wealthy family. Her father, who cared only for increasing his wealth, had left her in the hands of instructors and governesses. Her character was developed not to her advantage, or speaking more correctly, not to please men in general. She could be full of passionate devotion to an idea or to a person, as for instance to her friend Linda de Fernau. But just as harsh and repulsive she was towards others. Therefore the number of her suitors, despite her exquisite and remarkable beauty, was not even in proportion to her enormous wealth. At length her father was induced to marry again. He had chosen a lady of an old but very poor family. This connection provoked Jadwiga not a little. Now she would have liked to become a princess, only to play a trump against her charming and haughty step-mother. And when her friend Linda, who was poor, and three years younger than herself, had found a suitor at her very first entrance into society, a Mr. de Fernau, a councillor of the government, Jadwiga was determined to accept the first best husband who should be in the possession of the desired qualities. One day she presented herself to her haughty step-mother as engaged to a Count, and triumphed when she noticed the ill concealed mortification of her who unsparingly ruled over her father. The impure motives of this connection soon brought revenge on the head of their authors. The Count, while wooing, showed his most amiable qualities. He seemed to have a fantastic devotion for Miss de Wolmerode, and went to such a length as to make a contract with his future father-in-law, which this latter, an avaricious money-maker, could not have made with greater selfishness. As for Jadwiga, it became clearer every day that she felt the want of internal happiness, at least as she herself understood it. Her pride had merely a relative strength, and existed only in regard to her step-mother and the family of the latter. Else her faults were neither those of pride nor those of avarice and

cupidity. No ignoble passions would be allowed to fill up the void which she felt within her. She even could feel an inspiration for certain things, but not for such as were according to everybody's taste. A beautiful scenery left her indifferent, while for a picture representing such scenery she might have expended large sums, especially if she knew that the picture was admired by others. The same object which to-day was without interest for her would throw her into ecstasy to-morrow, if she became interested in persons or conditions connected with it. Sometimes she would enter into certain relations for mere external causes, as for instance, if persons coming into contact with her had a pleasant voice in speaking. Again other relations were dissolved by her, merely for the sake of a certain color of the furniture or rooms belonging to such persons being distasteful to her. With all this it could not even be said that these were mere whims or caprices, produced by either vanity or frivolous wantonness. On the contrary, they were the outburst of a nature not even satisfied with herself. Her nature was always bent on finding a center for those capricious eradiations which gave no satisfaction to herself. Truly, she might be called unhappy.

It was soon clear that she did not find this center in her husband. Had she had true humor she might have saved herself by the expedient of irony. But humor, if pure and genuine, is only the inheritance of childlike souls. It was not her judgment that made her oppose what was unpalatable to her; but it disturbed her physically, oppressed and suffocated her; it took the vital air from her atmosphere. Count Bernhard had been satisfied that she hated education, and civilization itself. "All that is system and method makes her head ache," he was wont to say to himself: "She would, like Caliph Omar, burn all books, banish all science and art from the world, if but an illustrated toy-book remained, which she in her childhood had read with pleasure. All that has or is mind, is a burden to her."—In other words, he attributed her qualities to ignorance. When these two opposite poles for the first time met each other, and the Count's system, to incommode one another as little as possible, had not yet been introduced, he had openly expressed this opinion to her. But one day he found this

strange being poring over a learned book. He saw that she had been studying in it for weeks, and had extracted whole passages from it. It was not long before he had found out that she had studied the book because her friend Linda had written about it with raptures. The Count was enough of a psychologist to see that it was mere jealousy and envy which had become her Muse. But still he covered her hand with kisses, apologizing with repentance for having reproached her for want of knowledge.

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#### CHAPTER V.

THE breakfast room was in the first story in the rear of the chateau. It opened a view over the little village which was inhabited by the families of the agricultural laborers, engaged by the Count. A new school house had just been commenced, as the first of those reforms to which the Count proposed to employ his large income. The company consisted of the Inspector placed over the whole agricultural department of the estate; of a surveyor, whom an accident had brought to the castle, and of the two guests who had lodged in the chateau last night. While the Count was presiding over the table, having apologized for the absence of his wife, the young clergyman began to speak of the new school house. He said he had just been in the temporary building in which the school was kept, and had listened to the recitations from the outside. He professed to be a pedagogue by right of inheritance, his father, a plain village schoolmaster, having given him the name Lienhard, in honor of the great reformer of education, and in remembrance of one of his most popular educational novels.

The young clergyman referred to the novel "Lienhard and Gertrud," by Pestalozzi, a book completely unknown to the Count. Lienhard Nesselborn, the young minister, gave a very clear statement on the subject of the book.

At this occasion a discussion arose on education and school in general. The Count found fault with his schoolmaster, judging him according to the one-sided prejudices of his

equals in rank. Already on the previous day he had professed himself to be one of those aristocrats of modern style, to whom the slang of our legislative assemblies has given the name of "Free-conservatives." The whole school question, he said, was now altogether overdone. The teachers were "good-for-nothings," filled with the ideas of self-conceit and the cravings for luxury prevailing in our epoch. He alleged, to support his strictures, the testimony of his own pastor.

Here young Nesselborn, although himself a pastor, burst forth: "They are nice fellows, these pastors! An old enmity separates church and school. It is increasing more and more. Schoolhouse and parsonage had better turn their backs to each other ——"

"Is it you that say so," replied the Count, "who are yourself a member of the clergy?"

Dr. Staudner, the young physician, gave a hint to his friend, and tried to direct the conversation into another channel. "Mr. Anbelang," he said to the Inspector, "you must take care that the church is placed between school and parsonage! Has not the church here several years ago been . . ."

"Five years ago," was the rapid reply, before Dr. Staudner had the time to add to his unfinished question the words "struck by lightning."

"I am more of a pedagogue than of a clergyman," continued Mr. Nesselborn, in spite of the interruption. He added that his father at first had intended him to be his successor in the village school, when, through the influence of relatives, he had been brought to the gymnasium and the university. But he could never suppress an inclination ingrafted in him in early life. He had become a member of the teachers' seminary, established at the university, and had gone over every course of pedagogical science under several disciples of Pestalozzi, who had laid their foundation in the very school of Jferten, established by the great master himself. He would be very happy, if fate should again transfer him from the pulpit to the chair. Surely, there was no greater science and none more entitled to the highest rank among liberal arts than that which commits to our care the child's soul, fresh from the hands of nature, and teaches

us to carry it on steps rising higher and higher towards pure and incorrupt humanity.

"If you should arrive at such a point," answered the Count, "you would have formed one of your new-fangled, modern citizens, a being that denies all traditional order, refuses obedience to the King and the powers that be, but particularly abuses 'black gowns,' and abolishes all kinds of religious authority, or at best maintains it only for the sake of expediency."

After these sharp remarks by the Count, which had won the full assent of both the inspector and surveyor, the young clergyman was silent, looking significantly at his friend Staudner, by whom he had been introduced here, and who now neither assisted nor wholly deserted him. So much appeared from what the latter remarked in a jesting and sarcastic tone:

"Strictly speaking, the school should indeed have precedence of the church. With the Jews, who are our models in almost everything else, there was one single, grand church, Solomon's temple; but there were no other churches, but only schools in the different cities. Whoever intended 'to go to church' on a Saturday, went 'to school' where there was teaching and catechising, I do not know whether after the method of Socrates or of Dinter . . ."

But the Count, ignoring this interruption, continued in his invectives against the exaggerated claims of common school teachers, adding a statement of those difficulties which had arisen between his schoolmaster and his minister. However, he forgot not for a moment his duties to his guests. He regaled them after breakfast with Southern wines and cigars, and the young clergyman, gradually recovering from his defeat, resumed again his clerical privilege of giving the key to the conversation, a privilege which the Count seemed willing to acknowledge.

Lienhard Nesselborn had, indeed, uncommon and brilliant attainments. He took now an opportunity of returning to his former subject. Although he avoided the mistake of placing the extremes of the question in the same strong light as before, he yet took again his stand on the side of the school.

"The clergy," he said, "claim the superintendence over the school without knowing anything about the education of the youthful mind. This claim is a remainder of those times in which Frederick the Great detailed his corporals on the service of schoolmasters. But in our days, the fate of all nations commanding respect, has pointed out the necessity that in the very lowest strata of popular life all must be renewed, strengthened and intensified as to its capacity. At present the school of the people has outgrown the horizon of learned or Latin education.

"To learn reading, writing, cyphering seems to be very easy. But it is generally forgotten how enormously difficult it is, even to pave properly the way for these attainments. You might reply, perhaps, that even the old time has accomplished this task without resorting to the modern — nonsense, or whatever other name Count Bernhard may apply to it. But consider how small was the number of those to whom the gifts of the Holy Spirit were transmitted. And what were those very gifts? Were they fiery tongues, or were they not rather a mere mechanism incapable of engaging the moral and intellectual faculties of man?

"Teaching must become educating, and learning must become an acquiring not only of knowledge but of power. The elementary instruction must plant the seeds of further development, and the exercise of memory and the bracing of intellect must go hand in hand with the higher aim of bringing out all powers belonging to man as an individual. It is true our great master, Henry Pestalozzi, the noble Swiss, has claimed that his method might be applied like a mechanical contrivance, a calculating machine, or a cooking recipe. But he evidently meant nothing else, except that he had made provision even for the contingency that the supply of true teachers should not equal the demand. However, be this as it may, even this mechanism is not an easy one: it must be acquired, applied and modified according to circumstances. All these are fields through which we theologians, knowing perhaps how to analyze a chorus of Sophocles, or what reading to adopt in a ticklish passage of the Epistle to the Romans, are groping our way as if in a dark night.



The Count had only once interrupted Nesselborn's stream of eloquence. He asked the servants whether Wülfig had returned. When this question had been answered in the negative, he gave orders to lock the forrester's room and hand him the key. Then he asked Mr. Nesselborn to continue, and excuse the interruption.

"All this is very well," he added; "but these schoolmasters must be kept in humility and in the fear of the Lord, else they will become extravagant and make their peasants so. They begin to be insolent anyhow."

Here Doctor Staudner cast a side glance toward the billiard room, placed his left hand flat on the table and pressed his thumb to the forefinger, giving to understand by his pantomime, how much preferable a game of billiards would be to a conversation which would hardly end with one of the combatants being converted to the opinion of the other.

The hint was taken, and the whole party repaired to the billiard room.

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NOVEL ARITHMETIC.—An Ohio correspondent becomes sponsor for the following, which, as a matter of fact, he wishes to put on record: Whittaker is one of the richest men in those parts, and has made his money by driving sharp bargains. His hired man was one day going along with a load of hay, which he overturned upon a cow. The poor thing was smothered to death before they could get her out. Her owner, Jones, called upon Mr. Whittaker the next day, and demanded payment for the loss of his cow.

"Certainly," said Mr. Whittaker, "what do you think she is worth?"

"Well, about ten dollars," said Jones.

"How much did you get for the hide and tallow?"

"Ten dollars and a half, sir."

"O, well, then you owe me just fifty cents."

Jones was mystified, and Whittaker very fierce in his demand, and before Jones could get the thing straight in his mind, he forked over the money.—*New York Tribune.*

## FICTION AS AN EDUCATOR.

M<sup>R.</sup> GALTON, in his work on hereditary genius, asserts genius to be irrepressible. To us it seems, like all other kindling matter, to need a spark; and whatever is not inherent, but imparted, may be wanting. It may be wanting either through abject circumstances, or effectual repression in childhood, the period when the divine touch is given—given in some moment of careless leisure, through the medium of delight, using fancy for its ministrant. There is a critical moment in childhood when it is open to impressions with a keener apprehension than at any other period of existence. Scenes and images strike on the dawning mind, and elicit a flash of recognition, which later on in life, and taken in through gradual processes, would effect no such marvel. It is perhaps when the first glimpse of the possibilities of life falls on a just-awakening intelligence that the light is caught most readily, and tells most lastingly on the intellect. The idea must not only interest, it must be new—something hitherto undreamt of. A child's first apprehension of poetic fiction is a revelation,—fiction, that is, that either tells something absolutely new, like the heroic aspect of life—great deeds and wonderful adventures—or which gives an insight into the passions, the stir, and excitement of manhood. Nothing written for children can produce this commotion in the whole nature; it must be something absolutely out of the sphere of experience, representing life in a new and wonderful aspect, of which before there was no conception, and which yet is recognized at once for truth. And, as we have said, it must be come upon by accident and at unawares. There is fiction, noble fiction, in all classical training; but men don't look back upon their lessons for the moment of illumination we speak of. Probably it has come before to them; for early childhood is the time when wonder, curiosity, expectation, susceptibility, and pleasure itself, are separate from personal consciousness. It is when a child is lost in a book or heroic tale, to the utter forgetfulness of self, that the germ springs into life. The poet is *made* as well as born. It is here that the making begins.

Walter Scott had received his bent at three years old, long before he could read, when he shouted the ballad of Hardikanute to the annoyance of his aunt Janet's old bachelor visitors.

Children's tales of the moral sort, however well told, and however valuable for safe reading and innocent amusement, work no wonders of this kind. A child's story deliberately treats of matters with which the child is familiar; all the grown-up characters are drawn from his point of view. Miss Edgeworth wrote nothing better than Simple Susan, but it touches on no new ground. No one looks back upon it as a starting-point of thought. Still less influential in this direction are those that draw society; that bring boys and girls together, and make them talk and act upon one another as it is supposed that boys and girls do act. At best, a child learns appropriate lessons for its own conduct from them. Miss Sewell's valuable tales on one hand, and Tom Brown on the other, open out no vision of life; they are not of the fiction that sows the seeds we mean, though they induce swarms of imitators amongst their older readers and admirers; no doubt, for one reason, that a child's criticism, its questioning satirical temper is at once roused—the posture of mind least akin to inspiration. In the domestic tale there is a constant appeal to the probable. Here the child cannot but feel as a judge. It has quick sight to detect bombast and want of nature, which might have passed current in unfamiliar scenes, and enacted by men and women. And because verse is more out of the range of a child's critical judgment than prose, and a tale sung is lifted into a higher region than a tale said, we find romance in harmonious numbers take the first place as instigator and stimulant to the latent spark of genius. How much of our poetry, for instance, owes its start to Spenser? when the "Fairy Queen" was a household book, and lay on the parlor window-seat! Before the drawing-room table had a literary existence, the window-seat fulfilled its function as the home for the light literature of the day. The parlor window was the form of popularity Montaigne affected to despise and dread for his essays, as placing him within everybody's reach—not of critics only. Clearly the window-seat was

better adapted for the explorations of childhood than its modern substitute, as being easily climbed into, more snug and retired, a miniature study, in fact, presenting a hiding-place from curious observers behind the curtain; and the window itself, a ready resource for wandering eyes, when the labor of reading, of attention, even of excitement demanded a pause. "In the window of his mother's apartment lay Spenser's 'Fairy Queen,'" writes Johnson of Cowley, "in which he very early took delight to read, till, by feeling the charms of verse, he became, as he relates, irrecoverably a poet. Such are the accidents," he goes on to say, "which, sometimes remembered, and perhaps sometimes forgotten, produce that particular designation of mind and propensity for some certain science or employment which is commonly called genius." With his self-chosen studies Cowley acquired that disinclination for the asperities of a formal education which mature genius so often laments, "and he became such an enemy to all constraint, that his master never could prevail on him to learn the rules of grammar." Pope says, "I read the 'Fairy Queen' with infinite delight at twelve." Dryden calls Milton the poetical son of Spenser; and all recent biography gives to Spenser the same pre-eminence as a prompter of the nation's genius. And this not only because the flow of his verse and his charm of narrative naturally attract children, but that the brilliancy and the strangeness and the utter difference between life as he draws it, and life as the child knows it, especially qualifies it for the work. The "Fairy Queen" does not so much suggest imitation as other poems do of equal power, but it awakes a faculty. The poets adduced never followed their first teacher; they caught nothing from him but the impulse—the flash. Another remarkable and eventful impulse of the same nature, and for the same reason, was the publication of the "Arabian Nights," awaking power without giving its direction. To this Wordsworth testifies:—

"Dumb yearnings, hidden appetites are ours,  
And *they must* have their food . . . .  
In that dubious hour,  
That twilight when we first begin to see

This dawning earth, to recognize, expect,  
 And in the long probation that ensues  
 The time of trial, ere we learn to live  
 In reconciliation with our stunted powers.  
 . . . Oh ! then we feel, we feel,  
 We know where we have friends. Ye dreamers, then,  
 Forgers of daring tales ! We bless you then,  
 Impostors, drivellers, dotards, as the ape  
 Philosophy will call you ; *then* we feel  
 With what and how great might ye are in league,  
 Who make our wish our power, our thought a deed,  
 An empire, a possession,—ye whom time  
 And seasons serve : all Faculties to whom  
 Earth crouches, the elements are potter's clay,  
 Space like a heaven filled up with northern lights  
 Here, nowhere, there, and everywhere at once : ”

and Dr. Newman, in his recollections of early childhood, writes : “ I used to wish the Arabian Tales were true ; my imagination ran on unknown influences, on magical powers and talismans. . . . I thought life might be a dream, or I an angel, and all this world a deception, my fellow-angels by a playful device concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the semblance of a material world.”—  
*(To be continued.)—Blackwood's Magazine.*

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SIR BOYLE ROACHE has hitherto been regarded as the undisputed master in the use of the elegant rhetorical figure known as mixed metaphor ; but one of the councilors of Birmingham may now fairly dispute with him the honor of carrying this art to the highest perfection. This learned gentleman, who rejoices in the name of Perks, has discovered that there is “ stalking about ” that famous town “ a liberalism which is fast degenerating into downright infidelity,” and warns the Protestants of Birmingham that if they “ do not put their shoulders to the wheel to keep the tide back, they will shortly be overflowed with it.” This is certainly a very dangerous spirit which stalks about the streets in the shape of a tide, which can only be kept back by the citizens putting their shoulders to the wheel. This impressive warning was given to the School Board of Birmingham, and we trust that it will not be lost upon it.

*EMINENT TEACHERS AND EDUCATORS  
DECEASED IN 1870.*

ANDERSON, Rev. WILLIAM C., D.D., a Presbyterian clergyman, was for several years President of Miami University, Oxford, O., and the institution prospered under his presidency. When the young Empire of the Pacific began the urgent demand, which it has since persistently kept up, for our strongest men of the Atlantic and Central States for its pulpits, Dr. Anderson was urgently called to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, and accepted. After several years of arduous labor there his health failed and he returned to the East and lived a retired life at Germantown, Philadelphia. His health being measurably restored, he was returning to the Pacific coast and died suddenly at Junction City, Kansas, August 29, 1870.

ALLEN, Rev. D. HOWE, D.D., a Presbyterian clergyman, whose eminent scholarship caused him to be elected a Professor in Marietta College, Ohio, soon after his graduation, from whence he was called about 1830 to the Chair of Sacred Rhetoric and Pastoral Theology in Lane Seminary, and subsequently, under the re-organization of the Seminary, to the Chair of Systematic Theology. He resigned in 1867 on account of declining health, and was appointed Professor Emeritus. He died at Granville, Ohio, November 9, aged about 65.

BALDWIN, Rev. THERON, D.D., eminent both as a teacher and a promoter of education, was born in Goshen, Ct., in 1801, graduated from Yale College in 1827, with high honors, studied Theology at New Haven, was ordained in the Congregationalist Ministry as a Home Missionary in 1829, commenced his labors at Vandalia, Ill., the same year. In 1832 he was called from his post to raise funds for Illinois College, Jacksonville, was Exploring Agent and Missionary for American H. M. Society, 1833-1837; organized and was Principal of Monticello Female Seminary, 1837-43; organized and was Corresponding Secretary of the Western College Society from 1843 to his death in 1870. In this ca-

capacity he accomplished more for the promotion of Collegiate Education in the West than any other man of his time. He died at Orange, N. J., on the 10th of April, in the 69th year of his age.

BASSINI, CARLO, a teacher of vocal music, of remarkable ability; a musical composer and author of excellent text-books on vocalization, was a native of Cuneo, in Piedmont, born in 1812, of musical parentage, and from an early age a most indefatigable student of instrumental music. At twenty years of age he had already attained a high reputation as a violinist. A few years later he accompanied a Genoese operatic troupe to South America, and was elected their director soon after their arrival. The engagement proved profitable, and after a short stay in Cuba, where he married, he came to New York, ventured his all upon a grand Concert at Triple Hall and lost his entire earnings. Abandoning thenceforward the position of orchestral leader, he devoted himself to giving instruction in vocal music and preparing text-books for it. He worked hard in his vocation, and was abundantly successful. His text-books, five or six in number, rank as the best of their kind. He had recently purchased a beautiful country seat at Irvington, N. J., where he died Nov. 26, aged 58 years.

BEDFORD, GUNNING S., M. D., an eminent physician and medical professor, author, and resident in New York for about thirty years, and during most of that time a professor in the University Medical College. He had published several professional text-books and also some occasional addresses. He died in New York city, September 5, aged 64 years.

BERIOT, CHARLES AUGUSTE DE, an eminent musical composer, violinist, and for more than twenty years professor of instrumental music in the Conservatoire at Brussels, died in Brussels, Belgium, April 12. He was born at Louvain in February, 1802, studied music there and in Paris, and made his first appearance in Paris, as a violinist, at the same time with Paganini. He married Madame Malibran in 1836, and was appointed professor at Brussels in 1842. After twenty years service was compelled to resign in consequence of blindness.



BLAKE, WILLIAM HUME, LL.D., an eminent Canadian jurist, Chancellor of the Court of Chancery for Canada, from 1845 to 1862, and professor of law in the University of Toronto for many years, died in Toronto, Nov. 15, 1870.

BURGESS, EBENEZER, D.D., a Congregationalist clergyman, author and teacher, was born in Wareham, Mass., April 1, 1790, educated at Brown University, 1809, afterward tutor there, and professor in Vermont University till 1815. He sailed for Africa in 1817 with Samuel J. Mills, and was one of the founders and first Superintendent of the Colony, afterward the Republic of Liberia. Soon after his return he was settled at Dedham, and there for fifty years was an active and earnest promoter of common school education. One of the large public schools of the town was named the Burgess school, and at his death the schools were all closed and the children followed his body to the grave. He died December 5, 1870.

COLVER, Rev. NATHANIEL, D.D., a Baptist clergyman, author and public lecturer, principally identified with the cause of education by his efforts for forming the Colver Institute at Richmond for the education of freedmen for the ministry, died in Chicago, Sept. 25, aged 77. He had been nearly fifty-three years in the ministry, and always an earnest promoter of education. At the close of the war Dr. Colver, by dint of vigorous and protracted effort, succeeded in establishing in Richmond a school of high grade for educating men of color as ministers to their own race, and led the way in the great effort now making by several religious denominations to educate preachers for the freedmen.

CHASE, Rev. BENJAMIN, D.D., a Presbyterian clergyman and teacher in Mississippi, born in New Hampshire in 1789, graduated from Middlebury College, and went to the South early, spending some years in New Orleans, and being one of the founders, promoters, and professors of Oakland College, Mississippi, to which he contributed a valuable geological cabinet. He died at his residence, near Natchez, Miss., Oct. 11, 1870, in the eighty-second year of his age.

CHASSELL, Rev. DAVID, D.D., a very eminent Presbyterian clergyman and teacher, born in Glasgow, Scotland,

April 30, 1787; removed to this country in 1795, graduated from Dartmouth College in 1810; was principal of Caledonia County Academy, Peacham, Vt., 1810-1815; of Cambridge Academy, Washington Co., N. Y., 1815-1821; in Fairfield Academy, Herkimer Co., N. Y., from 1821 to 1840, and, after an interval of rest, two years more; and for two years subsequently was principal of the Herkimer Academy. The remainder of his active life was passed as a preacher and a farmer. He died at Holland Patent, N. Y., Jan. 10, 1870, aged nearly eighty-three years.

CHICHESTER, Rt. Rev. ASHHURST TURNER GILBERT, D.D., Bishop of, a distinguished Anglican prelate, whose principal distinction was due to his long and active labors in the cause of education; born in Manchester, England; educated at the Manchester Free Grammar School and at Brasenose College, Oxford, where he won a first class honor in classics in 1809. After graduation, he was successively fellow, tutor, and, in 1822, principal of his college. Under his administration Brasenose College flourished as it had never done before. In 1836, he was made vice-chancellor (or acting president) of Oxford University, and retained the position till 1840. In 1842 he was consecrated Bishop of Chichester, and, as far as his declining years would permit, strove in that relation to promote education. He died at Chichester, Feb. 22, 1870, aged eighty-four.

COXE, WILLIAM HENRY, a remarkable Oriental scholar and professor, born in 1841, educated at the Charles House School and Balliol College, Oxford, winner of the University Sanskrit Scholarship in 1861, for four years; an officer in the department of Oriental Antiquities in the British Museum; in 1865, professor of Sanskrit in King's College, London; and in 1866, appointed assistant in the Educational Department, and professor of Sanskrit in Calcutta College, a post which he was compelled to resign, from shattered health, late in 1867, and returned to England, where he died in January, 1870, aged twenty-nine.

CRAIG, ALEXANDER J., State Superintendent of Schools for Wisconsin, and a most zealous friend of education, died in Madison, Wisconsin, July 3, 1870, aged forty-seven years.

He was born in Wallkill, Orange Co., N. Y., in 1823, and was, to a great extent, self-educated. He removed to Palmyra, Wisconsin, in 1843, and took an active part in educational, social, and moral development of the town and county in which he lived, was a town and school officer, a local magistrate, member of assembly, and, much of the time, a teacher in Palmyra. In 1854, he became principal of one of the Ward-schools in Milwaukie; in 1857, he was appointed editor of the "Wisconsin Journal of Education;" in 1860, president of the State Teachers' Association, and the same year, Assistant Superintendent of Schools for the State. Serving in this position for eight years, he was elected in the autumn of 1867 State Superintendent, and re-elected to the same office in 1869. His labors in these positions were of great and permanent value, and their result has been to place the public school system of Wisconsin in the front rank among the States of the great valley.

CRAIK, JAMES, D.D., an eminent and accomplished Scottish scholar and promoter of education, minister of St. George's Parish, Glasgow, moderator of the Assembly of the Scottish Kirk in 1863, chairman of the India mission scheme of that church, and one of the founders and principal promoters of the Normal school of the Established Church in Glasgow, for the training of missionary teachers, died in Glasgow, Aug. 20, aged sixty-eight.

CUNNINGHAM, Rev. W. M., a Presbyterian clergyman and scholar, elected in the autumn of 1869 president of Oglethorpe College, Georgia, and just after he had entered upon its duties, thrown from his carriage and so severely injured as to die on the third of March, 1870.

CUTLER, ELBRIDGE JEFFERSON, Professor of Modern Languages in Harvard College for several years past, a skilful and successful teacher, a literary critic of rare ability, and author of a small volume of beautiful poems, died at Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 27, 1870.

DALE, Rev. THOMAS, A.M., an English clergyman, scholar, poet, and professor, educated at Christ's Hospital School and Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1822, having previously published three vol-

umes of poems. For some years he received a scanty stipend as curate, lecturer or minister, and in 1828 he accepted a professorship of English language and literature in the London University, but resigned in 1830. From 1836 to 1839 he held a similar appointment in King's College, London. He had meantime become vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet street, London; in 1843, was advanced to a canonry in St. Paul's, and in 1846 exchanged the vicarage of St. Bride's for that of St. Paucias. Since 1843, though not actively engaged in teaching, he had prepared some classical textbooks, and made some contributions to literature as well as to theology. He died in London, May 15, aged seventy-three.

DICKINSON, Miss MARTHA BUSH, an eminent teacher, the founder, and for many years the principal of Lake Forest Female Seminary, near Chicago, Ill.; one of the most successful instructors, as well as one of the most large-hearted, faithful, Christian women of our country, died of disease induced by long years of severe mental labor, at Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 3, 1870.

DILL, SAMUEL MARCUS, D.D., an Irish Presbyterian clergyman, scholar, professor for many years past in the Theological College at Londonderry, Ireland, and in 1859 a delegate from the Irish Presbyterian General Assembly to the affiliated religious bodies in this country, died at Londonderry, of disease of the heart, May 11, 1870.

DRURY, Rev. ASA, LL.D., an eminent scholar, professor, and clergyman, born in Mass., July 26, 1802, educated at Yale College, graduating in 1829, Rector of the Hopkins Grammar School at New Haven, 1830-32; ordained in the Baptist ministry at Providence, R. I., Sept., 1834; professor of languages in Granville College, now Denison University, Ohio, 1835-36; Prof. of Greek in Cincinnati College, 1836-39; Prof. of Greek and Latin, Waterville College, now Colby University, Maine, 1839-40; returned to Cincinnati College in 1840, and remained professor there till the organization of the Western Baptist Theological Institute, at Covington, when he took charge of the classical school connected with it, being at the same time Professor of Ecclesi-

astical History and Greek Literature in the Institute. In 1850 he was principal of the High School and Superintendent of Public Schools in the city of Covington, and so continued till 1861 or 1862. In Feb., 1862, he became chaplain of the 8th regiment Ky. Vols. After the war he taught a private seminary for a year, and then removed to St. Anthony, Minn., where he was a pastor for four years, and where he died, March 18, 1870, aged sixty-eight.

DUDLEY, BENJAMIN WINSLOW, M.D., LL.D., an eminent surgeon, and surgical professor of Lexington, Ky., born in Spottsylvania Co., Va., in 1785, educated at Transylvania University, Lexington, Ky., and at the University of Penn., taking his medical degree in 1806. After four years of hospital practice, he went to Europe in 1810 for further study of his profession under the great surgeons of London and Paris, and on his return established himself, in July, 1814, in Lexington, Ky., where he at once entered upon a large surgical practice, which his great abilities enabled him to maintain during his long life. On the organization of the Transylvania Medical School, he was offered the chair of surgery. During the many years of his professorship, his popularity as an instructor and lecturer never waned. He resigned the professorship while yet in full health and vigor, and prepared several volumes of text-books and records of cases for the profession. He retired from general practice on reaching his seventieth year. He died in Lexington, Ky., Jan. 20, 1870, aged eighty-five years.

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Mr. CHARLES T. BROWN, of the Geological Survey of Demarara, has found a magnificent fall on the Potaro River, hitherto unknown. The river passes over a table-land, composed of slightly inclined beds of sandstone and conglomerate, thirteen hundred and seventy-five feet above the level of the sea, and descends perpendicularly in an unbroken fall about nine hundred feet. The river is about three hundred feet wide, and its greatest depth is from ten to fifteen feet.

*MARCHING POWERS OF THE PRUSSIAN TROOPS.*

WITHOUT having personally witnessed the endurance of the Prussian troops in marching, often under unfavorable conditions, I could not have believed in the possibility of the accomplishment of such feats. I have known men march thirty English miles a day for three consecutive days. It must be remembered, too, that when the day's march was over the troops had to do their fire-lighting and cooking, and, indeed, had occasionally to search at distances for the food to cook. Nor must it be forgotten that the Prussian troops on the march almost invariably bivouac in the open air. They carry no tents—an excellent arrangement in fine summer weather, when it is a positive pleasure to sleep “under the beautiful stars,” but one that is very trying when the weather is broken and inclement. They carry burdens on the march much heavier than the kit of our English soldiers, and in the burning dog-days they plodded sturdily forward all day long, yet I only heard of a few cases of sunstroke. I attribute this exemption to the almost invariable sobriety of the Prussian soldiery. It was but the other day—nor is the case an isolated one—that a loud clamor was raised in England because a regiment had been marched some distance in the sun with the result of several sunstrokes, one of which was fatal. Those who cried shame over the trifling Kingston march should have seen the Prussians striding steadily forward, the thermometer at eighty or eighty-five in the shade, with needle-gun, heavy knapsack, eighty rounds of ammunition, huge great-coat, camp-kettle, sword, (a useless encumbrance,) spade, water-bottle, haversack, and lots of odds and ends dangling about them, with perhaps a loaf, like a curling-stone, under the arm, and without the remotest symptom of sunstroke. But then they had not been drunk with bad beer or worse spirits the night before, and it is this over-night intoxication to which, I think, inquiry would demonstrate that cases of sunstroke on the march are mostly attributable. So steady and unfluctuating are the marching pace and endurance of the Prussian troops, that it must be a miscalculation on his



own part if a leader is out in a reckoning having these conditions for its basis. The Generals know what the men can do, and feel assured that they will do it; and this confidence enables them to devise strategical combinations in the full conviction, which is never falsified, that the troops will turn up at the appointed place true to time, and ready, too, for fighting, no matter how long and severe the road has been.—*Saint Pauls.*

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### THE ORIGIN OF BELLS.

IT is curious to trace the history of bells from their origin down to the present time. The first time they are mentioned in history is in the time of Moses, when we are informed, in Exodus xxviii. 32, that "a golden bell" was on the hem of the robe of Aaron, in order that "his sound shall be heard when he goeth into the holy place before the Lord." They are also mentioned in Zachariah xii. 20, as being upon the horses; and it is not improbable that Tubal Cain, the sixth in descent from Adam, "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," may have known something of the art of making them. The early historians inform us that the Greek warriors had small bells concealed within their shields, and when the captains went their rounds of the camp at night, each soldier was required to ring his bell in order to show that he was watchful at his post. Plutarch also mentions that nets, with small bells attached, were spread across the stream to prevent the inhabitants of Xanthus from escaping by swimming the river when the city was besieged. Church bells originated in Italy, being formed by degrees out of the cymbals and small tinkling bells used in the religious ceremonies of the East, as a means of honoring the gods. Pliny states that bells were invented long before his time. They were called *tintinnabula*. Among Christians they were first employed to call together religious congregations, for which purpose runners had been employed before. Although introduced in the fourth century, it was not until the sixth century that they



were suspended on the roof of the church in a frame. The hours of the day were first ordered to be struck by Pope Sebastian in 1665, to announce to the people the time for singing and praying.

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#### WHAT KNOWLEDGE IS OF MOST WORTH?

##### II.

IF there needs any evidence of the rude, undeveloped character of our education, we have it in the fact that the comparative worths of different kinds of knowledge have been as yet scarcely even discussed—much less discussed in a methodic way with definite results. Not only is it that no standard of relative values has yet been agreed upon; but the existence of any such standard has not been conceived in any clear manner. And not only is it that the existence of any such standard has not been clearly conceived; but the need for it seems to have been scarcely even felt. Men read books on this topic, and attend lectures on that; decide that their children shall be instructed in these branches of knowledge, and shall not be instructed in those; and all under the guidance of mere custom, or liking, or prejudice; without ever considering the enormous importance of determining in some rational way what things are really most worth learning. It is true that in all circles we have occasional remarks on the importance of this or the other order of information. But whether the degree of its importance justifies the expenditure of the time needed to acquire it; and whether there are not things of more importance to which the time might be better devoted; are queries which, if raised at all, are disposed of quite summarily, according to personal predilections. It is true, also, that from time to time, we hear revived the standing controversy respecting the comparative merits of classics and mathematics. Not only, however, is this controversy carried on in an empirical manner, with no reference to an ascertained criterion; but the question at issue is totally insignificant when compared

with the general question of which it is part. To suppose that deciding whether a mathematical or a classical education is the best, is deciding what is the proper *curriculum*, is much the same thing as to suppose that the whole of dietetics lies in determining whether or not bread is more nutritive than potatoes!

The question which we contend is of such transcendent moment, is, not whether such or such knowledge is of worth, but what is its *relative* worth? When they have named certain advantages which a given course of study has secured them, persons are apt to assume that they have justified themselves: quite forgetting that the adequateness of the advantages is the point to be judged. There is, perhaps, not a subject to which men devote attention that has not *some* value. A year diligently spent in getting up heraldry, would very possibly give a little further insight into ancient manners and morals, and into the origin of names. Any one who should learn the distances between all the towns in England, might, in the course of his life, find one or two of the thousand facts he had acquired of some slight service when arranging a journey. Gathering together all the small gossip of a country, profitless occupation as it would be, might yet occasionally help to establish some useful fact—say, a good example of hereditary transmission. But in these cases, every one would admit that there was no proportion between the required labor and the probable benefit. No one would tolerate the proposal to devote some years of a boy's time to getting such information, at the cost of much more valuable information which he might else have got. And if here the test of relative value is appealed to and held conclusive, then should it be appealed to and held conclusive throughout. Had we time to master all subjects we need not be particular. To quote the old song:

Could a man be secure  
That his days would endure  
As of old, for a thousand long years,  
What things might he know!  
What deeds might he do!  
And all without hurry or care.

"But we that have but span-long lives" must ever bear in

mind our limited time for acquisition. And remembering how narrowly this time is limited, not only by the shortness of life, but also still more by the business of life, we ought to be especially solicitous to employ what time we have to the greatest advantage. Before devoting years to some subject which fashion or fancy suggests, it is surely wise to weigh with great care the worth of the results, as compared with the worth of various alternative results which the same years might bring if otherwise applied.

In education, then, this is the question of questions, which it is high time we discussed in some methodic way. The first in importance, though the last to be considered, is the problem—how to decide among the conflicting claims of various subjects on our attention. Before there can be a rational *curriculum*, we must settle which things it most concerns us to know; or, to use a word of Bacon's, now unfortunately obsolete—we must determine the relative values of knowledges.

To this end, a measure of value is the first requisite. And happily, respecting the true measure of value, as expressed in general terms, there can be no dispute. Every one in contending for the worth of any particular order of information, does so by showing its bearing upon some part of life. In reply to the question, "Of what use is it?" the mathematician, linguist, naturalist, or philosopher, explains the way in which his learning beneficially influences action—saves from evil or secures good—conduces to happiness. When the teacher of writing has pointed out how great an aid writing is to success in business—that is, to the obtaining of sustenance—that is, to satisfactory living; he is held to have proved his case. And when the collector of dead facts (say a numismatist) fails to make clear any appreciable effects which these facts can produce on human welfare, he is obliged to admit that they are comparatively valueless. All then, either directly or by implication, appeal to this as the ultimate test.

How to live?—that is the essential question for us. Not how to live in the mere material sense only, but in the widest sense. The general problem which comprehends every special problem is—the right ruling of conduct in all

directions under all circumstances. In what way to treat the body ; in what way to treat the mind ; in what way to manage our affairs ; in what way to bring up a family ; in what way to behave as a citizen ; in what way to utilize all those sources of happiness which nature supplies—how to use all our faculties to the greatest advantage of ourselves and others—how to live completely ? And this being the great thing needful for us to learn, is, by consequence, the great thing which education has to teach. To prepare us for complete living is the function which education has to discharge ; and the only rational mode of judging of any educational course is, to judge in what degree it discharges such function.

This test, never used in its entirety, but rarely even partially used, and used then in a vague, half conscious way, has to be applied consciously, methodically, and throughout all cases. It behoves us to set before ourselves, and ever to keep clearly in view, complete living as the end to be achieved ; so that in bringing up our children we may choose subjects and methods of instruction, with deliberate reference to this end. Not only ought we to cease from the mere unthinking adoption of the current fashion in education, which has no better warrant than any other fashion ; but we must also rise above that rude, empirical style of judging displayed by those more intelligent people who do bestow some care in overseeing the cultivation of their children's minds. It must not suffice simply to *think* that such or such information will be useful in after life, or that this kind of knowledge is of more practical value than that ; but we must seek out some process of estimating their respective values, so that as far as possible we may positively *know* which are most deserving of attention.

Doubtless the task is difficult—perhaps never to be more than approximately achieved. But, considering the vastness of the interests at stake, its difficulty is no reason for pusillanimously passing it by ; but rather for devoting every energy to its mastery. And if we only proceed systematically, we may very soon get at results of no small moment.—*Herbert Spencer.*

## ABOUT CORAL.

THE Greeks named coral the "daughter of the sea;" and Theophrastus reckons it among the precious stones. Pliny tells us that coral was no less esteemed in India than were pearls in Rome, "it being the prevailing taste in each nation respectively that constitutes the value of things," he observes. "Solimus informs us," so he continues, "that Zoaraster attributed certain mysterious properties to coral; hence it is that they equally value it as an ornament and as an object of devotion."

In Persia, China, and Japan, coral was prized almost as much as gold. The Gauls in ancient times were accustomed to ornament their armor with this lovely product of the Gallic and Italian seas; but finding the value of it as an article of exportation, it soon became comparatively rare in the countries where it first abounded.

Pliny describes coral as a marine plant, bearing crimson berries; nor can we wonder that he should have been led into this mistake when we find the error repeated almost down to our own times. In Johnson's *Dictionary* is the following definition: "Coral—a plant of as great hardness and stony nature while growing in the water as it is after long exposure to the air."

Coming down to the mediæval age, the first mention we have of coral is in the inventory of Alianore de Bohun, where a paternoster of coral with gilded guadier, and three branches of coral, are among the list of valuables. Quite as many superstitious beliefs were then attached to this supposed submarine plant as in a more remote period. Reginald Scot, in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, tells us that "the coral preserveth such as wear it from fascination or bewitching, and in this respect they are hanged about children's necks." Plat, in his *Jewel House of Nature*, repeats the same story, adding that it preserves from the falling sickness. "It hath also some special sympathy with nature," he continues, "for the best coral being worn about the neck will turn pale and wan if the party that wears it be sick, and comes to its former color again as they recover health."

In 1700, Tournefort described coral as a plant; and Reau-

mur declared it as his opinion, but slightly differing from former naturalists, that it was the stony product of marine plants. The Count di Marsigli went a step further, and not only asserted the vegetable nature of coral, but declared that he had seen its flowers! In his work, *La Physique de la Mer*, he gives a representation of these sea blossoms, thus setting the question at rest forever, as he supposed. Others, however, were not quite so well satisfied; and, 1723, Jean Andre de Peyssonel, a student of medicine and natural history, was deputed by the French Academie des Sciences to make further observations in elucidation of this interesting subject. He began his examinations first in the neighborhood of Marseilles, and continued them on the north coast of Africa. At last, after long, exact and delicate observation, he came to the conclusion that the Count di Marsigli's flowers were animals, and demonstrated that the coral was no plant but the product of a colony of polype. Let him describe his experiment in his own words:

"I put the flower of the coral in vases full of sea-water, and I saw that what had been taken for the flower of this pretended plant was, in truth, only an insect like a little sea-nettle or polype. I had the pleasure of seeing move the claws or feet of the creature; and having put the vase full of water which contained the coral in a gentle heat over the fire, all the small insects seemed to expand. The polype extended his feet, and formed what M. di Marsigli and I had taken for the petals of a flower. The calyx of this pretended flower, in short, was the animal which advanced and issued out of its shell."

But after all Peyssonel's labors, he received neither reward nor thanks for his discovery; it was ridiculed by Reaumur and Bernard de Jussieu, as something quite unworthy of credit; and poor Peyssonel, meeting with nothing but skepticism and neglect—for his papers were not even printed—in return for his laborious investigations, abandoned the subject in disgust, and departed for the Antilles in the capacity of a naval surgeon. Peyssonel was allowed to continue in the obscurity to which he had retired; but many years had not passed before both Reaumur and De Jussieu were obliged to retract their former opinion, and to acknowledge that after all Peyssonel's theory was correct.—*The Argosy*.

*THE UNIVERSITY OF PEKING.*

THE revelations made by Mr. J. Ross Browne, in an article about the University of Peking, are well calculated to make a sensation in all educational circles. It would appear from his statements that this great University, which has given so much delight to the Christians of this part of the world, and which was to do such wonders for the Chinese, is, if not a grand humbug, at least a myth—an institution on paper. Its alleged establishment seems to have been one of the many ingenious artifices by which Chinese progress was made apparent in the United States. "Glowing tributes were paid to this institution at the New York and Boston banquets. The press, from time to time, furnished the public with interesting data in regard to its organization and progress. The Chinese rulers were highly praised for their intelligence and liberality. Many of these enthusiastic tributes I read while in Peking. Need I say that I read them with profound amazement? 1st. Because, after a diligent search of several months, I was unable to find any such institution in Peking. 2d. Because each one of the professors admitted to me that there was no such institution in Peking. 3d. Because Mr. Hart furnished me with a paper written by himself, in which he admitted that the scheme for the University of Peking had never been carried into practical effect, but on account of the opposition of the Chinese it had, so to speak, collapsed." But if the grand scheme collapsed, not so did the learned and accomplished gentlemen who composed the Faculty. Indeed, it seems that the professors, with a devotion to self-interest none the less deserving of praise because of its rarity, consented, willingly and unreservedly, not only to accept the fame and honor connected with their positions, but to draw, at the appointed times, the full amount of their salaries. Nor did their zeal in the good cause of educating the heathen Chinese end here. For instance, the professor of mathematics, as the pupils (?) were not sufficiently advanced to require his presence at Peking, resided at Shanghai, where he practised medicine, thus educating the darkened



understandings of the benighted Shanghaians to a proper appreciation of the power of modern science, as well as adding enough to his pittance of a salary (\$4,000) to keep starvation from the door. But let it not be supposed that these gentlemen were altogether free from labor. Far from it. New York tactics have penetrated the far-off regions of the East. Professors, as well as political appointees, are paid for one thing and do another. There were several objects in view in getting up and parading before the world this scheme for a grand university. "The Chinese did not want it; but, in their usual temporizing way, they evaded a direct refusal when the matter was pressed upon them, and even went so far as to pretend to favor it. Those who understand them, know perfectly well that such an institution is the last thing they would sincerely encourage. Nobody knew this better than the originator of the plan, but he had ulterior objects in view. Public sentiment had to be created in the United States and Europe. The Embassy to the West must be sustained. Chinese intelligence and enterprise must be made manifest. On the part of the Chinese they had a battle to fight against foreign improvements, and the best thing they could do was to pay foreigners to fight it for them. They pursued the policy of Cortez in Mexico. Since they could not get rid of foreigners by force, they could pretend to accede to their demands, and, meantime, gain time and strength to resist them more effectually by transferring diplomatic relations from Peking to the home governments. They subsidized foreigners (in other words, the enemy), and set them to work against foreigners. Mr. Hart received a princely salary as Commissioner of the Imperial Maritime Customs. The Customs system had been forced upon them, and they were adroit enough to make it work in their interest, since they had to pay for it. So Mr. Hart hired a corps of writers to write up the "policy of conciliation" in the United States and Europe; to deprecate the gunboat or throat policy; to demonstrate the excellence of Chinese civilization; to ask that this ancient empire should be allowed to work out its own destiny in its own way. This professional corps formed the faculty of the so-called University of Peking. It was admirably drilled, and the members worked conscientiously for their pay."

## VIRTUES OF BORAX.

IT may not be generally known how very valuable borax is in various purposes of household use. We find it the very best cockroach exterminator yet discovered. One half-pound costing but fifty cents, has completely cleared a large house formerly swarming with them, so that the appearance of one in a month is quite a novelty. The various exterminating powders puffed and advertised have been found not fully effective, tending rather to make the roaches crazy than to kill them. There is something peculiar, either in the smell or touch of borax, which is certain death to them. They will flee in terror from it, and never appear again where it has once been placed. It is also a great advantage that borax is perfectly harmless to human beings, hence no danger from poisoning. It is also valuable for laundry purposes. The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as washing-powder instead of soda, in the proportion of a large handful of borax powder to ten gallons of water. They save soap nearly one half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, etc., an extra quantity of the powder is used; and for crinolines (requiring to be made stiff) a stronger solution is necessary. Borax, being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of linen. Its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it should be kept on the toilet-table. As a way of cleaning the hair, nothing is better than a solution of borax in water. It leaves the scalp in a most cleanly condition, and the hair is just sufficiently stiffened to retain its place. This stiffness, however, can be readily removed if objectionable, by washing with water. Borax is also an excellent dentifrice; dissolved in water, it is one of the best tooth-washes. In hot countries it is used, in combination with tartaric acid and bicarbonate of soda, as a cooling beverage. —*Manufacturer and Builder.*

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A writer on school discipline says, "Without a liberal use of the rod, it is impossible to make boys smart."

*EDUCATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.*

**N**EW YORK CITY.—From the report of Supt. Henry Kiddle, we learn that the average attendance at the public schools, including evening schools, for the year ending Dec. 31, 1870, was 102,608; whole number taught during the year, 238,112. In addition to these, 1,652 pupils were taught at the Normal schools, the average attendance being 1,214. A comparison of these statistics with those presented at the close of 1860, shows that the average attendance of pupils has increased during the intervening ten years, nearly 54 per cent. There were employed in the various schools 2,683 teachers, of whom 363 were males, and 2,320 females. The average number of pupils per teacher, was 38. Allowing 100 cubic feet of space for each pupil in the Grammar schools, and 80 in the Primary schools, there were accommodations for 99,437, an excess over the average attendance at the day schools of 14,147. The examinations held during the second half of the year, show that the instruction was excellent in 689 classes; good in 761; fair in 177; indifferent in 16; and bad in 2. It was, accordingly, seriously defective in 11 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of the whole. In discipline and instruction, the Girls' Grammar schools were considerably superior to any of the other classes of schools, and the Colored schools inferior to all others. Taken as a whole, the schools appear better in point of discipline than in respect to any of the branches of instruction. The number of pupils expelled for misconduct from the schools, was 287, of whom 247 were pupils of the Boys' Grammar schools. German and French are taught in some of the schools, but very little is accomplished. The course of instruction, for German, recently adopted will, however, when put in operation, regulate and systematize the teaching of this branch in the schools. Much space in the report is devoted to discussing the results of the examinations, and the questions of school discipline, moral instruction, etc.

**BROOKLYN, N. Y.**—The number of licensed teachers employed during the school year is 799; the number of children over five and under twenty-one years of age living in the city is 136,799; number of free schools, 46; departments, 99; number of private schools, 220; number of pupils over five and under twenty-one years of age, attending private schools, 25,000; attending public schools, 72,286; average daily attendance at public schools, 35,229. There are 41 school houses in the city. The payment of teachers during the year amounted to \$499,151.88; and, \$28,296.93

were expended in books for pupils. The total expense, including the cost of school apparatus, building sites, building expenses, rent, repairs, fuel, janitors, officers' salaries and printing, was \$947,411.99. The total amount of money received from all sources for the support of the county town schools, \$56,775.12. The number of pupils, 3,101; of teachers, 35; and of private schools, 15.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—There are in this city 380 schools, 1,515 teachers, of whom only 80 are males, and 133,839 registered pupils. The school property is valued at \$3,022,280. The amount expended for school purposes last year was \$1,297,744.63. The average salary of male teachers per month is \$135.98, and of female, \$43.61.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.—The forty-first annual report of the Board of Education, being for the year ending June 30, 1870, shows the following items: The total expenditure for teachers' salaries was \$368,312.53. The schools are divided into twenty districts, two intermediate and two high schools. The number of different pupils registered, 24,951; the number in school at the close of the year, 18,816; the average number belonging, 20,023; average attendance, 19,140; the per cent. of attendance on number of pupils registered, 78; per cent. on average number belonging, 95.6; the average number of pupils per teacher, 45.6; average attendance per teacher, 43.6; the increase in average number belonging in all the schools, 43.2. The average number of teachers employed, 450. The cost of tuition per pupil in all the schools, on the number enrolled, \$13.08; on the average number belonging, \$17.85; on the average daily attendance, \$18.67. In addition to the last-mentioned expense, special instruction in music costs 45 cents per pupil; in drawing, 24 cents; and in gymnastics, 9 cents. In the eight night schools the average number of teachers was 45; amount paid the teachers, \$8,312.07. The number enrolled in night schools was 2,890; average attendance, 1,411; per cent. of attendance on enrollment, 48.8. The public library contains 22,537 volumes, and has 6,773 readers. In the district schools 21.7 per cent. of the pupils enrolled remained in school less than four months; 40.3 per cent. less than six months; 48.5 per cent. less than eight months; 64.5 per cent. less than ten months; and 35.5 per cent. through the year. More pupils leave school at the age of six years than at any other age. The statistics of the German department are full of interest. They show that almost the entire growth of the schools is due to this department, the number of children who study German having increased nearly one hundred and twenty per cent. in ten years. Nearly half of

the pupils now registered receive instruction in German. Cincinnati has the best organized and conducted German department in the United States, but whether this fact is to its credit or advantage, is a question for consideration.

MEMPHIS, TENN.—The annual report of the Board of Education for 1869-70, is at hand. The schools have, during the past year, so increased in efficiency and in the number of pupils, that there is much difficulty in accommodating all who apply for admission. The total scholastic population, white and colored, is 10,667; the average number belonging in white schools, 1,659; colored schools, 841; per cent. of attendance in white schools, 87.83; colored, 85.3. Fifty-one schools were supported at an expense of \$54,027, an average for each school of \$1,059, which is a saving of 33 per cent. Average cost of each pupil, \$21.65. The present indebtedness of the Board is \$30,569.25.

NEW JERSEY.—The annual meeting of the STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION was held in Camden during the last week in December—W. A. Breckenridge, of Newark, presiding. The subject of compulsory attendance was taken up by Prof. Apgar, who thought the time would come when it would be necessary to enact laws making it obligatory upon parents to send their children to school. Other subjects presented were: "Duties and responsibilities of parents and teachers;" "The defects of the present school system and their remedy;" "Good order in school;" "Drawing as an educator;" "Kinder Garten." These topics show the range of discussion at this important meeting. On motion of Mr. Sears, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That in the judgment of this Association, it is no less the interest than the duty of the State of New Jersey to provide, by legislative enactment, for the free education of all the children of the State.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: *President*—Mr. George B. Sears, of Essex county. *First Vice-President*—Miss S. M. Riley, of Middlesex. *Second Vice-President*—Mr. Samuel Freeman, of Warren. *Recording Secretary*—Mr. William Mulligan, of Gloucester. *Corresponding Secretary*—Miss Clara J. Armstrong, of Camden. *Treasurer*—Mr. William N. Barringer, of Essex. The next meeting of the Association will be held in Newark.

GOV. RANDOLPH, in his Message to the Legislature, says:

Under our system of public schools there have been enrolled during the year 1870, 161,683 scholars, or nearly one-fifth of the entire population of the State. The cost of maintaining these institutions has been \$1,664,659.03. The

value of school property in the State is \$3,677,442. The total number of children in the State, between the ages of five and eighteen, is 258,227. The increase in their attendance at public schools is 8,888 for the year. The total number of children attending private schools is 32,447; which, added to the number attending public schools, makes an aggregate of 194,130, or nearly four-fifths of all the children of the State between the ages of five and eighteen. We may fairly claim that the education of youth is almost universal within our borders.

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### MISCELLANEA.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—A Massachusetts lady has, by her will, left over \$300,000 for the establishment of a college for the higher education of young women, so as to afford privileges equal, in all respects, to those enjoyed by young men. One-half the bequest may be invested in buildings and grounds, and the other half is to be invested as a permanent fund, the interest of which is to be used for paying the salaries of teachers, and procuring a library and apparatus. The testatrix, in her will, expresses the opinion that, by a higher and more thoroughly Christian education of young women, their wrongs will be redressed, their wages adjusted, their weight of influence in reforming the evils of society greatly increased, and that their power for good as teachers, as writers, as mothers, and as members of society, will be incalculably enlarged.

THE Trustees of the University of Vermont report that they have prepared a spacious and well-appointed Chemical Laboratory, with tables for twenty students. This is furnished with all the modern appliances and conveniences, the old laboratory being appropriated to the classes engaged in assaying ores. Instruction in these branches is furnished for about one-fifth the cost of tuition in several of the laboratories of the country.

LALANDE, the French astronomer, often ate caterpillars and spiders, affirming that the former tasted like almonds and the latter like walnuts.

THERE is no other spoken language so cheap and expressive by telegraph as the English. So the electric wires are becoming teachers of our mother tongue in foreign countries. The same amount of information can be transmitted



in fewer English words than French, German, Italian, or any other European language. In Germany, and Holland especially, it is coming to be a common thing to see telegrams in English, to save expense and insure precision.

SOME novel and valuable facts concerning Dickens' Works we glean from a recent French Review. Few of our readers probably know that the illustrious author wrote books entitled, "The Magazine of Antiquities," "Paris and London in 1793," "The Abyss," and "The Mystery of Edwin Troost." The latter is familiarly called by the reviewer, "The Mystery of Edwin," showing that it must have been his intimate, first-name-employing acquaintance with Dickens' characters which caused him to forget their cognomens. The correct name of "miss Hexam" is, we learn, "Lirrie," and Mr. Dickens' residence was at "Gats' Hill."

THE young man who "gets up" the "Educational Bulletin"—"published periodically," at *uncertain* periods—is elated at having found a typographical error in our Monthly for November, 1870. He finds "pirates," in place of *pyrites*. We never attempt to excuse imperfect proof-reading, and we have not space to reciprocate by enumerating the errors in the said "Bulletin." The "Bulletineer" alludes to an "unacknowledged extract from 'Our Steele's Philosophy.'" We believe our readers understand our Scientific Notes to be *selected*. When our editor and Mr. Steele chance to glean from the same fields—what then?

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#### CURRENT PUBLICATIONS.

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WE have been accustomed to look with about equal favor on Bowdler's "Family" Shakespeare and Webster's "Revision" of the English Bible. Believing, as we do, that the dramatic works of the great poet are thoroughly sweet and salutary in their moral intention and scope, we have been not a little indignant at the excision and refining which certain of his plays have undergone at the hands of the expurgators. Could Shakespeare have foreseen the garbled shape in which they have been twice presented to the eyes of this generation, he would have strangled his brain-children at their birth, rather than have such inanities go down to posterity, bearing the name of the man who wrote Hamlet and the Tempest. If an editor chooses to



omit certain of Shakespeare's comedies, very well; this is, in comparison, a trifling offence; but let him keep his hands off from the truthful, life-like pictures of him who but "held the mirror up to nature," and showed the hearts of men as they were. We hold that there is a false and over-fastidious delicacy, which, besides annoying all untainted souls, suggests some impairment of the moral health, some uneasy brooding over matters which a robust virtue sees no occasion to trouble itself with. The man, or the mature youth, who finds evil in one of Shakespeare's dramas, *taken as a whole*, has brought with him to this author the taint and leprosy of grossness.

Yet, sure as we are that all really pure minds are free from that ticklish queasiness which finds evil where evil was not meant, we are ready to admit that many of Shakespeare's plays are quite unsuited to class use; and we praise Mr. Hudson's purpose in selecting and editing the seven plays in this volume: [As You Like It, Merchant of Venice, Twelfth Night, the two parts of King Henry the Fourth, Julius Cæsar, and Hamlet.] And the accomplishment answers well to the purpose. Himself a thorough Shakespearean scholar, and having had large experience in teaching others, in the class-room as well as from the lecturer's desk, to understand and appreciate this greatest English classic, he is eminently fitted for just the task he has here performed. The introductions are full and the notes helpful, while they do not disgust the student, as in some editions, by thrusting upon him explanations of things simple and self-evident. Both show that Mr. Hudson's studies in Shakespeare did not end with the publication of his edition of the plays. As to the changes made in the text, they are suppressions merely—never tampering with the original wording.

Mr. Hudson's advice as to the method of teaching Shakespeare is well worthy of attention. He holds that "some care may well be taken against pushing the grammatical and linguistic part so far as to obstruct the proper virtue of his pages." His remarks on this head, too extended to bear citation here, we heartily approve; while at the same time we commend the selecting of some one play to be the object or occasion of minute and pains-taking study, with reference to forms, constructions, etymology, figures, rhythm, and whatever concerns the history of so much of the English speech as is set forth in it. For such use there is nothing

better than *Julius Cæsar* in Craik's edition. We hope that both this and Hudson's work may find general introduction, in schools not only, but in clubs and households. And we say this, remembering what a wonderful mastery over our (to foreigners) difficult language, was won by the great Hungarian who a few years ago astonished us by his eloquence. If, in one short year, these two English books, the Bible and Shakespeare, could give him such copiousness and vigor of expression, we, who speak the tongue of Shakespeare, have a right to look for large and varied benefits from similar communion. These two classics should have place in every high school and college.

The mechanical appearance of the book is entirely satisfactory. A second volume is to follow before long.

THE writings of Hamilton, erudite and valuable as they are, yet present such an array of *dissecta membra*, that it is no slight labor for any one to collect from them, and organize, his system of philosophy. To the novice in such studies it must be well-nigh impossible. That he had a well defined system is evident enough, but one is obliged to seek it through a mass of lectures, review articles and notes; and even at the end may find himself unable to construct it. Prof. Murray has, in our opinion, put both the teachers and students of Metaphysics under obligation by his conscientious and apparently successful reduction of the scattered fragments of the great Scotchman's scheme.\* In 257 pages he has given us a clear and connected exhibition of his author's psychology *in his own words*. We have the *ipsisima verba* of the master, not a dilution or misconception of his ideas, as they have filtered through another's brain. Prof. Murray was a pupil of Hamilton, and so the better qualified to formulate his system. Whoever reads this compend will find himself stimulated to explore the original placers from which its various sections have been gathered. President McCosh, of Princeton, though failing to accept all of the teachings of the book, yet introduces it with a word of hearty commendation.

The printer has done his part well; but as to the binder, his taste seems to us unworthy of praise.

MESSRS. WILSON, HINKLE & CO., Cincinnati, have sent us early copies of "The Eclectic Series of Geographies, embracing a Mathematical, Physical and Political Description of the Earth; with Lessons

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\* 2 OUTLINE OF SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON'S PHILOSOPHY. A Text-Book for Students. By the Rev. J. C. CLARK MURRAY, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, Queen's University, Canada. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 1876.

on Map-drawing. By A. Von Steinwher & D. G. Brinton." A praiseworthy attempt has been made in this series to supply our schools with philosophical text-books on Geography. A cursory examination assures us that the books have many excellent points, and that, if merit is to decide, they will quickly take the place of certain Geographies which are said to have a "national" demand. The importance of the subject requires a more extended notice than we can now give. We shall place the books in the hands of a competent reviewer, and report as early as possible.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS have published "A German Reader: to succeed the German Course, by George F. Comfort." 432 pages. Also, "Light at Evening Time: a book of Support and Comfort for the Aged, by John Stanford Holme, D. D." It is a handsome volume of 350 pages, in clear, large type.—"Morning and Evening Exercises, by Henry Ward Beecher," with an excellent portrait. 560 pages.—"Adventures of a Young Naturalist, by Lucien Buirt, edited and adapted by Parker Gillmore." It has one hundred and seventeen illustrations. 491 pages, 12mo. Cloth, \$1.75.—"Puss-Cat Mew, and other Stories for My Children, by E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M.P." Illustrated. 320 pages.—"History of Louis XIV., by John S. C. Abbott." Illustrated. 410 pages.—"Shakspeare's Comedy of the Merchant of Venice, with Notes by William J. Rolfe." 170 pages.—To their Library of Select Novels, in paper covers, they have added "A Siren, by T. Adolphus Trollope."

MR. STEIGER has recently published "Dr. Baskerville's Practical Text-Book of the English Language, re-written and adapted for use in America, by Gustavus Fischer." We infer that there is not much of Baskerville in the book as it now appears. And we hope that some competent reviewer will give it a severe examination. Prof. Fischer has been severe in many of his reviews, and, since he has taken to book-making, he deserves no mercy, and can expect none.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. have placed the American people under additional obligations to them and to Dr. Cutter by publishing the "New Analytic Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene, Human and Comparative, for Colleges, Academies and Families, by Calvin Cutter, M.D." Dr. Cutter and his works are too well known to require discussion.

MESSRS. IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & Co. have just published "A Shorter Course in English Grammar, by Simon Kerl, A.M." 240 pages.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM & SONS, "The Student's own Speaker: a popular and standard Manual of Declamation and Oratory, by Paul Reeves." 215 pages.

MESSRS. C. SCRIBNER & Co., another volume of the illustrated library of wonders, "The Bottom of the Sea, by L. Sourel, translated by Elihu Rich." Sixty-eight illustrations. 402 pages.—Also, "Books and Reading; or what books shall I read and how shall I read them? By Noah Porter." 378 pages.

MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON, "Suburban Sketches, by W. D. Howells, author of Venetian Life and Italian Journeys." 235 pages, cloth, beveled edges; price, \$1.75.

MESSRS. DODD & MEAD, "The Victory of the Vanquished, a story of the first century, by the author of the Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family." 520 pages. Price, \$1.75.